

# The Herald and News.

VOL. XLII. NO. 105

NEWBERRY, S. C. TUESDAY AUGUST 22, 1905.

TWICE A WEEK. \$1.50 YEAR

## THE NEWBERRY OF DAYS THAT ARE PAST

### THE SWEET MEMORIES OF THE LONG AGO.

An Interesting Letter From a Former Newberrian, Now Living in the Lone Star State.

Don't you feel you'd like to wander, down some winding country lane, Don't you feel you'd like to ramble in your childhood's ways again, Like to drink the way you used to, from a time worn drinking gourd Like to hunt for wave worn pebbles, and to skip the mdown the stream, Like to put aside all troubles, and go away back then and dream Those old dreams, whose very dream-nig used to give your soul delight, Such as even their full fruition cannot bring to you tonight, The frost that shows of mornings' white on fences, roof and grass May melt into crystal globules, as the morning moments pass, But the frost about your temples, it will never melt away And the bars are up forever, between you and yesterday. You will never, never, never be that little boy again; You will never, never, never dream the dreams you joyed in then, You will never feel the pleasure, of the splashing in the pond, Never draught shall hold the sweetness of the nectar in the gourd. "The recollections of my early life, have left upon my mind, a checkered and varied feeling of pleasure and pain, mingled I trust with gratitude to the great Father, who guided my life of more than eighty years, through so much trouble, that the ease with which he has blessed my long life might seem softer from remembrances and content."—Scott.

A. D. 1844—How still the morning: 'Tis a bright, beautiful Sabbath morn, smiling with glory and love. The good people are wending their way to the new Methodist church. As we enter we see the women on one side, the men on the other.

Among those there we see the pleasant practical joker Phil Schoppert, a class leader. Dr. P. B. Ruff, a noble Christian gentleman; that good lady Mrs. Sarah Cheshire; that amiable woman Mrs. Sarah (Lorick) Pope and her mother, that good old pious soul, Aunt Pattie Turner. They were a pure, true intelligent, God-fearing people.

That venerable old Christian Dunwoody rises and says, "Let us sing to the praise of God." The charm of music dwells not in the tones, but in the echos of the heart; so it was with them. Though their voice had never been chased through vocal gymnastics they had a depth of sincerity and fervor, that made up in volume what they lacked in symphony.

Notices like this were not to be found, "Mlle. Sayrah Browne, lately escaped from a Conservatory of Music, will sing the "Holy City" twice on next Sunday. Come early and avoid the rush." How I long to hear the good old Ebenezer Camp Meeting rousing songs and to see Dr. Kilgore and other pious people praising God. It was a good time to contract a good case of heart-felt religion, "The good old time religion." Where now have these good old folks gone?

"To the land of the leal, they have gone with their song Where the choir and chorus belong. Oh! be lifted ye gates! let us hear them again Blessed song! Blessed singers forever! Amen!

And such is human life so gliding on It glimmers like a meteor and is gone."

The ideals of these people were love to God, and its corollary, love to

their neighbor. These ideals I fear at this day are virtually rejected as impractical,—not expressly repudiated as impractical, but only believed to be so. These old folks had the love of wisdom and the wisdom of love.

The ladies were neatly and plainly dressed and agreed with Wesley in his sermon on 1st Peter, 3rd chapter, 3rd and 4th verses; that "The wearing of costly array, is directly opposite to being adorned with good works." Occasionally some good brother would preach "1st Timothy, 2nd chapter, 9th verse" "Also let women etc., etc." From what I have seen in Methodist and other churches in Houston, Texas, there is a frivolous mixture of millinery and religion.

As we again go through the village we come to the house of T. J. Jones, nearly opposite T. H. Pope's house which was burned. Mr. Jones immediately succeeded the grand old lawyers of whom I have heretofore written. His wife was Miss McHardy an intelligent and entertaining lady with a spice of humor in her.

At Joude O' Neall's suspecting that wife and I were engaged, he enquired in her presence if they had heard I was dangerously ill—wife fled from the room weeping; Mr. Jones followed her, laughing and in a quizzical way said: "I wanted to know if you were engaged."

Mr. Jones was an intelligent, industrious, good lawyer and a frugal man with a fine head for business. He illustrated the virtue of persistence in a great degree. They had quite an interesting family.

On Main St. opposite Judge Wilson's house there was a two-story house built for a hotel by Sameul Reed, afterwards used for a female school, then by Dr. T. W. Thompson. Here in 1833 lived David Dewalt and family. I never saw D. D. but once that I remember of. One day returning from school as I entered the road Mr. D. was returning from his plantation; when I reached the village I heard that he was either dead or dying. I doubt if anyone now in the village remembers him except his surviving children. He was an intelligent, energetic, prosperous, well-informed citizen. And held in great esteem by the community. He was a typical southern gentleman. Mrs. D., who was a Miss Gray was noted for her supreme good sense, sound judgement, amiable and kind manners and greatly interested in the education of her children.

Miss Amelia, the eldest daughter, was beautiful, accomplished, wise and good, wins the grace of a cultured mind. She married Chan Johnstone, who I think was the wisest man I ever knew. Miss Caroline, a remarkably handsome, vivacious, gentle and gracious lady, married Dr. O. B. Mayer, an intellectual, polished Christian gentleman, beloved by everyone. Misses Catherine and Rebecca were sweet tempered, gentle and loving.

Miss Eliza, the youngest, I remember as a very pleasant little girl; she married Ellisor. The name Ellisor reminds me of two of my Texas friends, from Lexington—John and laughing Bill—good men. Laughing Bill was sitting by the jury, when I was defending a tough case and putting in my "biggest licks." Bill was smiling and nodding at me and I felt safe for an acquittal or a hung jury. As they retired Bill did not go; I called the court's attention and then for the first time learned that Bill was not one of them. The laugh was on me. Bill often jollied me about it.

In the DeWalt family were two sons, Major George G. and Dan. At a review of the 10th Regt. Cav. near Martin's depot, I being colonel, Maj. G. brought an order requiring my presence at headquarters: he was riding a large fine horse of Nathan Johnson's. So we started to headquarters, his horse started bolting, rearing, pitching and taking the bit

in his teeth went dashing like a cyclone, G calling whoa. I riding a fast little mare of Whit Walker's kept by his side and hunching my saber occasionally, struck the flanks of his horse accelerating his horse's speed and enjoying it. He, either from fright or otherwise, jumped off or was thrown and his leg broken above the ankle. G was "bigger" than I was and I never told him of my part in the race. He was a good lawyer, not eloquent but presented his points clearly and logically. He was well educated, possessed of a frosty intellectuality; a good financier and well knew the value of a dollar.

In 1837, Dan and I went to school to John S. Pressly, who on our first appearance before him, said he never had a good boy from Newberry; if Albert Gaskin was a specimen he was correct. Dan and I sustained the said reputation, but when Archie Sloan and Caleb Lindsay appeared there was a change. Dan and I went to school together, together boarded, slept, fought played, went swimming, played truant, etc. I knew him well and liked him. His mother was anxious about his education and with her usual energy did everything to promote it; but Dan differed with her and preferred bull pen to books; he never fed much on the dainties found in books.

Historia Sacrae was then the first book in Latin, Vin Romae, second. Dan never reached the second. 'Tis said he translated the first sentence "Abrahamus credidit Deo pollicenti" thus—Abraham credited G—d with a pocket handkerchief. It was thought that a certain bright and talented boy, Frank Patton furnished Dan the translation. When I last heard from Frank he was yet alive in Abbeville. Long may he live an exemplar of all that is good, true and wise in this world.

Gen. French in his book, "Two Wars," writes "when Gen. Pope was a student at West Point, he returned from a furlough in breeches with straps at the bottom and open down the front, and although it shocked the sense of propriety of some maiden ladies and of Mrs. Delafield the superintendent's wife, yet the Major D whose hobbies were economy and practical utility, gave the cadets permission to have their pants made open in front and that consigned to oblivion the broad flap pants that buttoned at the sides; Pope's pattern of breeches are now worn by all Christian men and some who are not of that religion. Dan and I introduced this style at Due West. At an exhibition I was orating, having on my open front breeches. Two ladies frowning pointed to my pants and seemed horrified. I enjoyed it. Where now is good old Daniel; although no book worm, he had a pound of good common sense.

About 1-2 miles from the village on the Columbia road, we come to the old log school house at the forks of the road.

"Oh! the little old log school house at the forks of the road,

Oh! the little old log school house, at the forks of the road,

And my heart with joy o'erflows Like the dew drop in the rose Thinking of the old log school house at the forks of the road."

As the boys roll out of the school house, they play divers games; some bull pen with a wet ball; the fellow that was hit was hit here his pants ere tightest and he jumped high in the air and lit a running. Jolly days!

We next come to the cross roads where the happy family of Jacob H. Hunt and wife; a loving gentle couple approaching old age by a tranquil road: they carried peace and restfulness around like a pure atmosphere; they were Baptists, but descendants of good Quakers (yes, I say good: for more deserving, truthful, honest

people than the Quakers could not be found.) The H's had a family of good children, W. H. and Col. I. H., grew up to be good useful citizens. Of the girls I remember Asenath, a gentle woman in appearance, carriage, speech and thought; she married one of the village's best and purest citizens, Capt. W. R. Lane, another I think married Joseph Mooney another good man.

Noticing in the Confederate Veteran about the reburial of Confederate soldiers at Hopkinsville, that an old memorandum book of Geo. C. Anderson, of Cotton Gin, Texas, was found in an old desk and that Anderson had written in it legibly, beginning with Row 1: it gave the name, rank and Co. of each one—250 in all. This reminded me of the fact that Anderson was a Newberry boy. He was the son of Wm. Anderson, a most worthy citizen once a merchant in the village, and the first N. G. of Pulaski lodge I. O. O. F. I was thus reminded of Anderson. He worked in the office of the Rising Sun and boarded at my house. The editor of the Presbyterian Banner, Abbeville, Hugh Wilson, also worked in the same office and boarded with us. They were excellent young men, intelligent, industrious moral and intellectual. Wife and I were very much attached to them and they loved her, as every one did that knew her. Wilson is the able editor of the Presbyterian Banner—independent, vigorous and able, whilst I do not agree with him in all things I admire his independence and ability. Two of his kinsmen, John and James Bigby are here—industrious and progressive men. I usually hail them as "Big Hogskin" from the name of a creek in Abbeville near where they had lived.

Anderson was so attached to my wife that when we left for Texas in 1857 he told her that as soon as he could he would follow her and the next year he came. Prior to and after the war he published a paper in Cotton Gin. He volunteered in Colonel Gregg's regiment in 1861 and served through the war. My wife promoted his marriage to a charming young lady the daughter of a Cumberland preacher—named Murray.

After the war and some time before his death, my wife was on a visit to her uncle-in-law, Dargan Strother, when Anderson rode some sixty miles to see her. Wife and I very often up to the time of her death spoke of these two young men.

God bless Newberry.

J. M. Crosson.

Ballinger, Texas.

### West Point Appointment.

Applicants to be examined at Greenwood, for the Third District. A competitive examination will be held at Greenwood, in the court house Thursday, Sept. 7, beginning at 8:30 o'clock, a. m., for the purpose of selecting a principal and two alternates to be named as candidates for appointment to a Cadetship at West Point.

Each candidate should be well versed in the following subjects to wit: reading, writing, spelling, English grammar, English composition, English literature, arithmetic, algebra through quadratic equations, plane geometry, descriptive geography, and the elements of physical geography, especially the geography of the United States, United States history, the outlines of general history, and the general principles of physiology and hygiene.

Applicants must not be under seventeen or over twenty-two years of age; must be bona fide residents of the Third Congressional District, and must be able to pass a thorough physical examination.

Respectfully,  
Wyatt Aiken.

### CITY OF QUEBEC.

"She Queens The North, Supreme, Alone."—Veritable Repository of American History.

Dear and quaint old Quebec, a thousand blessings upon you, for the joy and inspiration that you have given me! May your glory never be eclipsed, and your power to charm never cease! I pay you willing and hearty tribute, for your queenly graces have won me to warmest admiration and I am henceforth a worshipper and votary of all you hold dear in history, that does not contravene my convictions of justice and loyalty. Have I not in the past been entranced by the story of valorous deeds that were enacted in the struggles and conflicts of opposing forces for the right as each then saw it? Had I an Aeolian harp I would waft you from our sunny clime gentle southland breezes that would sing you a new song of rapturous praises. "She gleams above her granite throne Her gray walls gird her ample zone She queens the North, supreme, alone."

This is Quebec, a veritable monarch of all she surveys. With attractions varied without, the sight of which arrested at once my attention. I took passage on the boat from Point Levis; my vessel steamed across the majestic St. Lawrence, with Point Diamond glistening upon my feasting eyes, and I have felt that I might well restrict this article to a narrative of the beautiful situation without, but I hesitate; in retrospect and reverie my mind indulged while within her walled entourage, and so I must recount the impressions made upon me, of what I saw and heard as our cicerone conveyed us hither and thither in his labyrinthian circuit. Here are angles and curves and inclines, and one must need have a guide to save him from error and "confusion of face." The flight of time, the march of invading and contending armies, the final struggle for supremacy, the relics of former periods, the customs of bye-gone days, these and other things afford delightful contemplation, and the mind is keyed up to highest tension in speculative romance and imaginative enquiry. It was thus with this scribe, as ne'er before, when moving amid the scenes of former splendor, of cruel, mayhap unholy carnage, such as has made Quebec a veritable repository of American history. Her battlements would frown upon you, and her dogs of war would make short shrift, if perchance you were an invading foe, but her welcome to friendly visitor is never less acute, for her gates are always widely ajar to receive those who bear her cordial greetings. And so in peaceful mood, I enter her gates, literally so, and naturally my first thought is of the heroic Wolfe and the dauntless Montcalm, of Wolfe and his valiant band who scaled the precipitous heights and as subsequent events have shown exhibited a bravery and stratagem never surpassed. Like the Spartans at Thermopylae, so was Wolfe and his 5,000 on the Plains of Abraham. "His was not to reason why, his was but to do and die," and dying a victorious death, shed ineffable glory upon true valor and daring. But his opponent, the Marquis de Montcalm, was no less intrepid, for the engagement was sharp and severe, it "was war to the knife and knife to the hilt," his wounds were mortal and being advised of his extremity, praised God that he might not live to witness the fall of his beloved city.

Eagerly did I seek to stand upon the very grounds, where Wolfe and Montcalm engaged in battle, on the fateful 13th September, 1759; scenes were enacted then and there which decided the course of after events and established another power to